THE Character of a Grumbletonian, OR, THE New Malecontent.

A Grumbletonian! What's that — in the Popes Name? Why, 'tis the First and Second Part of *Hickeringhil* — a meer Composition of *Curse-ye-meroz*, and *The Black Non Conformist*, as full of contradictions as of Nonsence: an absolute Civil Quaker, that finds as many faults with the State as he with the Church, and both for the same No-Reason. Tis a Hodg-podge of Malice, Scurrility, and Illnature, who has seldome Wit enough to keep him from Slavering, or if he does now and then Stumble on some pleasant Notion; han't manners enough to keep his Wit from Stinking. 'Tis a thing that was never Born to be contented — he's always Twisting and Wrigling, and has a Worm in his Tail as long as that in his Head, — see but how tenderly he Treads, you'd think he was under *Harry Hills*'s Course of Penance, and had all his Pea's in his Shooes without Boyling 'em. 'Tis a hard matter that's the Truth on't, to tell what he is, since he hardly Knows it himself, nor, does the froward Chit know what 'twoul'd have, tho' if any thing, it must be some Bawble or other that quiets him. He handles the Government as the *Turks* do Slaves, when they come to be Sold — Peeps all round it — Trys and Gropes, whether it be Sound Wind and Limb — Looks Marvellous earnestly on its Physiognomy, pretending to Read its Fortune, and if he has any skill 'twon't be long liv'd, — and yet after all his prying as sharply as the Jesuite with his Prospective, all the Wise Faults he can find in't are, that the Nose and Complexion on't don't please him. He's hard to be found, and yet every where, for he's as diligent and indefatigable, as another that runs too and fro on the same business, and for the same Reason too, because he knows his time is short. And now we talk of the Devil — there's a certain place within a Mile of an Oake, where you are very likely to find him, Settleing Church and State over a Dozen Bottles of Claret. He's very ready at Quoting Presidents when they please him, and pretends to carry as Humble an Implicite Faith about with him as 'tis a Catholick of 'em all, — and Reason too — for this he finds a good Lazy Compendious way of Grumbling, without the long Fatigue of Enquiry and Argument. By his Commending Tenderness of Conscience in others, you'd be almost Tempted to believe he had some such thing himself, — and indeed who wou'd think any Man wou'd forswear himself by way of Civil Conversation or so, a Hundred times a Day, and yet all o' the sudden Stare and Bogle at one single Oath of Allegiance? one wou'd think he own'd a God too when he seems afraid to Invoke his Name to a Lie, or believ'd a Hell, when he says he dares not comply for fear of Damnation.

He's an *Irish* Man Double gilt, a meer Teague Christianiz'd, and Reform'd into somewhat that looks like Humanity, but with much ado the Gilding wears off again, and Mistress Puss must have a touch at the Moule, tho' she leaves her Spark Catter-wawling for the loss of her. There's so much Discontent and Ingratitude, and Baseness, mixt with such a Profound Twang of Laziness and Cowardise in the very Constitution

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ſtitution of him, that Nature has as perfectly markt him out for Slavery, as it he had great Lips and a Flat Noſe — he mainly Reſembles the Inhabitants of the Cape — bring 'em into any Country, Dreſs 'em and give 'em Food fit for Humane Creatures, they'l do nothing but lie upon the Ground, and Pine themſelves to Death for their old belov'd Hogſty, and long as paſſionately as a Teeming Woman, for a Savoury Mouthful of their old Guts and Garbage. He's of a very Ancient Family that's the Truth on't, and can run ye up his Pedigree as high as *Peter Heylin* cou'd his own, or a High-lander his Princes, for he'le tell ye, (if Modeſty don't a little Confound him) that ſome of his Relations had a ſtrong Party among the *Iſraelites* in the Wilderneſs — and great Men in the Congregation, he can aſſure ye ſome of 'em were — no leſs Names then *Korah*, *Dathan* and *Abiram*. They call'd 'em Murmurers then, but that's but an old word for Grumbletonians. Tho' he's heavy enough in ſome things where haſt is requir'd, yet he's Nimble enough in others — Woe wou'd be to a Serjeant at Arms if he was oblig'd to follow him a whole Day to take him into Cuſtody, for he has a Thouſand Diſguiſes, and is almoſt at once in as many places. — Here he appears in the Shape of a Gentleman, and Squats him down in a Coffee-Houſe like the Toad at *Eves* Ear: Shakes Empty Poll very Emphatically — takes up the Votes, finds fault with one D — n'd Clauſe or other in 'em, Bites off the corner of 'em, and throws 'em down in Dudgeon agen — Snatches up the Gazet — Men of Merit are not Profer'd — (ay, there tis) here's a Company of Unknown's who got in, and he has nothing — not that he'd Act — no — not for a World — he can't accept — on his Conſcience — O — it Grumbleth moſt Obſtreperouſly, and there is no quieting of the ſame. — Look ſharp Mr. Oſtler — he's pulling up his Hatch, and if ye don't have a care the Gentleman will be a Baker, and his Calaſh a Cart before ye can call the Conſtable, — for now all o'th' ſudden he's an honeſt Country Farmer, and mightily aggrieved that the Affairs of the Nation are ſetled without his Spade and Flail to lend Aſſiſtance — thinks he has Sweat and Voted, and Stunk in a Crowd to ſome purpoſe — Scratches his Head, and with ſome dry Bob of good King *James* — *Exit Hobbinol* — but wou'd ye think it — who is now at the turning of the next Corner? If theſe Cheating Eyes don't deceive me he has got a Parſons Gown on to hide his Cloven-Foot — nay, — he'le pretend to be *Hamet* — *Ben* — *Hamet*, — a Parſons Son too, — he has his Ticket in's Hand, and you'le ſee him at the Feaſt to Morrow, when the Sons of God met together, we know who came among them — Unfrock the Raſcal for ſhame, & let him not abuſe that Venerable Order — d'ye ſee, he's in the Pulpit already — his Prayer is not long — ſomewhat the ſhorter becauſe ye hear no King *William* and Queen *Mary*, — his Sermon — the Ingratiude of this our Age — prepare for Perſecution — Two or Three ſilent Smiters more — and he's Vaniſhed into the Tavern — where that Diſguiſe is ſoon thrown off, and he gets another — and yet what Reaſon ſhou'd there be to ſay a Man's Diſguis'd when you may Peep into the Soul of him, — for now he appears in his proper Shape. — Now keep out of the way — for he Vomits all his Soul out — O this Parliament — here's Arbitrary with a Vengeance, — *Hoc eſt Parliamentum* — *Habeas Corpus* where art thou? — this will never do — we will not ſuffer our King to be thus — theſe Oaths — theſe — certainly they'l never go down without Buttering — Ay, Ay, — the Lawn Sleeves down next — ye may ſee what they'd be at — theſe Pack of — and then he Tumbles under Board — and next Morning as ſoon as his Head's Cool diſpatches Packets to this Mayor, and t'other Aldenman in the Country, to Wheedle or Fright 'em into as great Knaves or Fools as he is himſelf. — There's one Infallible Mark more, by which you may be ſure of knowing him through all his Diſguiſes — as ſoon as he takes up this Paper — (a better Looking Glaſs then his own) he Starts back at the ſight of his own ugly Face — falls a ſoming like a Sweet Singer, and Swears heartily the Authors a Fanatick; tho' as Friend *Ratcliff* ſays, *He might as well have Gueſt him a Mahometan*.

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